



アサウラ
紫乃権人

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Ben-to - Volume 01 Chapter 01-02 (Incomplete)

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Illustrations





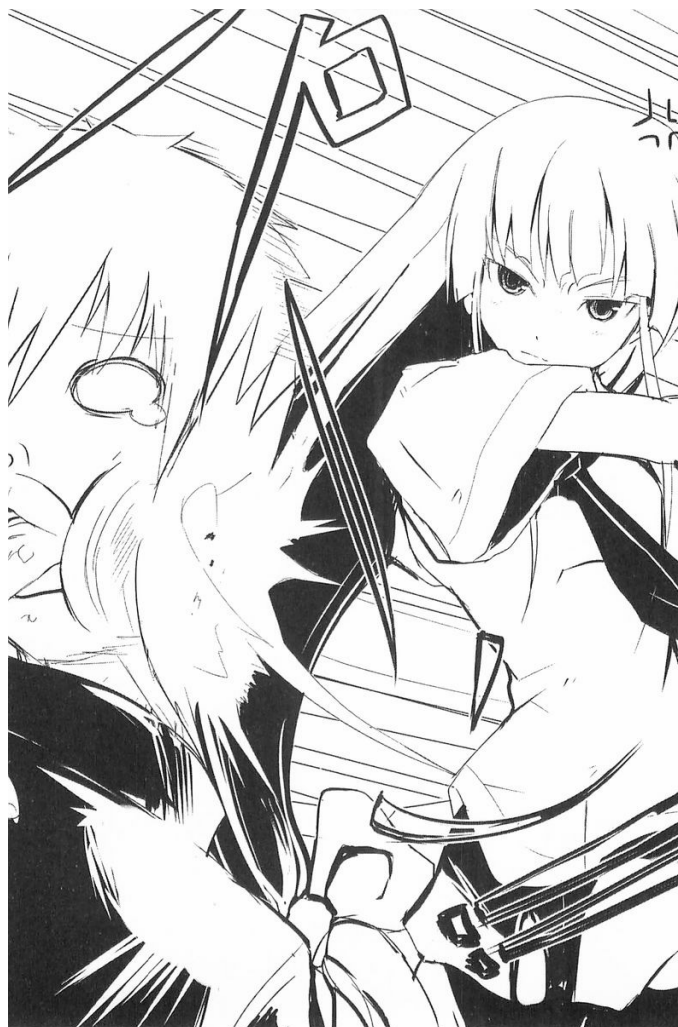
“After all, the only thing we are fighting for is a half-priced bento,
In the eyes of other people, we may be seen as cheapskates,
Some may even sneer over our pitiful appearance.
However, it is truly because of that,
That we can stand here proudly;
It is due to it being the actions of a cheapskate,
That we can fully put our pride on the line to enter the fray.
No matter what loot (spoils of war) we obtain after the battle,
There is no one who can insult something that others fought hard for.”

As if agreeing with his words, I swallowed hard.

The man continued,

“But what truly thrills me is...

The miracle of a comeback in a situation when others say that it's deemed to fail.”







Chapter 1



The Ice Witch

“Do you really think, that a half-priced bento is only a remaining bento that hasn’t been sold?”

– The Ice Witch

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It is now 19:48 hours and she is standing in front of a supermarket. A late night spring breeze slightly blew up her uniform skirt, exposing her panties. But she didn’t seem to care and calmly continued looking at the brightly-lit sign of the supermarket.

‘How many people have there been this year, who have looked at this sign while holding back their tears?’ She thought.

She couldn’t help but compare her old self with her current self as she felt a sudden mysterious sense of Déjà vu in her remembrance of the past. All her feelings of sadness, anger, hopelessness and emptiness from a year ago started to flood back into her memories. She told herself,

“My weak and fragile past self, who looked disappointedly at that sign, is no longer here.”

Moreover, the ME who had felt extremely excited had also disappeared.

She wiped her possibly self-mocking grin off her face and started to move. Entering the supermarket through the thick and heavy automatic sliding glass door, she reached her hand out towards the stack of baskets, which were giving out an intense aura of gravity. There was a basket sitting at the utmost corner

with its handles propped up, as if it was waiting for her arrival. Swiftly and silently, she picked up the basket with an air of elegance.

As the cool air from the Fresh and Frozen Goods section caressed her now tensed up skin, she walked past the cashier towards the vegetable section of the supermarket. She seemed to have memorized the layout of the supermarket as if it were the back of her palm. While looking at the lettuce on display, she slowly walked towards the fine foods and bento section. Her actions seemed to be exquisitely natural and silent, almost as if it was white snow melting on the earth during spring time.

As she arrived at her destination, she looked around and unconsciously started to feel frustrated. There were four teenagers standing in front of the discounted bento section, chattering whilst constantly checking their watches. Seeing how they kept taking up the bentos to peruse, she felt that their attitude was already beyond curing.

“...What a bunch of ugly ‘pigs’...”

She said that with a voice so soft that it could barely be heard, at the same time, she immediately turned her sight towards the bentos on display. Within a second’s duration, whether it be the location, the price or the details of the bentos, she had already memorized everything.

With a similar pace, she walked through the fine foods and bentos section, moving towards the high-grade meat section. She saw a sign written with a red oil marker, stating “¥199/100g”, which caught her attention, causing her to stop her footsteps.

She closed her eyes, and started to picture and organize all the details of the area, down to even the most trivial info, such as the atmosphere, the other people’s scent, and even their breathing and footsteps. By her judgement, there are approximately 30 customers in the supermarket. Normally, at this time, the number of customers should be about 8 on average. However, currently, there were 12 ‘dogs’ being lured in by the food, whilst around 10 others here were experienced people with potential. When walking around the supermarket, she felt approximately 10 glares from others, thus confirming the piercing sensation felt by her skin.

At this moment, she heard a loud slam from somewhere in the supermarket.

She did not even open her eyes to locate the source of the sound, as there was no such need.

The staff door next to the fine foods and bento section has opened, and a man in his 50s, wearing a 'battle armour' consisting of a pure white chef's hat and an apron, bowed and walked towards the fine foods section. He reeks of scented oil used on making bentos. He swiftly filled up the empty spaces of the fine foods section, and rearranged the messy products piled around the display area.

His soft and tender footsteps, the sound of his clothes rustling as he moves his arms, or even the sound of the plastic wrap rubbing against each other, all these sound gave her information on what's happening in her surroundings, even without having to open her eyes.

After that, the staff moved towards the bento section, with the sound of the plastic lids occasionally being pressed on, he was slowly arranging the messy bentos on the display area.

Lastly, it was the sound she was waiting for. The staff took out a thick stack of paper.

As soon as that sound was heard, the original atmosphere of the supermarket immediately tensed up, which signifies the transformation of the supermarket into the 'Hunting Grounds'.

The 'experienced veterans' identified earlier started to take up a defensive stance, as if preparing for battle. Even though they were trying to hide their nervousness by stabilizing their breathing, it can be seen by their tense and twitching skin that the pressurising aura is increasing exponentially.

Their skin tensed up in nervousness, and their hair was even standing on end, emitting a murderous aura, leaking out their thirst for battle, alongside sounds of rumbling hunger.

...This grave feeling can even drive one insane...

She just let out her usual grin, followed by a smile while walking towards the bento section.

She is prepared to test her current skills, and put her pride on the line on the battlefield. She moved towards the place where she shared a slight connection with him.

After a few minutes, eleven people, including her, placed their chosen bentos in their respective baskets, and leisurely walked to the cashier to pay.

There were eight people who were completely beaten to a pulp, lying on the floor empty-handed at the bento section of the supermarket. The ones she identified as 'pigs' earlier, alongside a newbie who appeared just when the hunting began, were flung all the way to the high-grade meat section.

A few survivors were shivering in fear, there were even some who were petrified in tears.

At this time tomorrow, how many of them would return to this 'hunting ground'? She pondered with both a sense of expectancy and worry, no longer thinking about the pitiful appearances of her 'victims'.

Her current title and alias is...

"The Ice Witch".

I have no idea what just happened. I just coincidentally walked into a supermarket nearby my dorm and at the sight of a half-priced bento being sold, I suddenly lost my consciousness. When I regained my consciousness, I found myself lying flat on the ground at the higher-grade meat section. As far as I can remember, I was just about to take a bento with a half-price sticker...

And everything after that was just a blur...

I clumsily tried to support my body weight as I tried to stand up. At that moment, I saw that there were about eight other people who were in a similar state as me. Some were at a loss of words, some were utterly confused, and some were petrified with tears, as if they witnessed or experienced 'a certain incident'. Although, I'm quite sure that our circumstances were different, our expressions tell the same story...

...The story of 'Fear'...

Most of them were staring at the four who were completely knocked out cold

on the floor.

What happened just now? As if having a blindfold removed from my eyes, I turned back to observe my surroundings, whilst putting the pieces together as to what happened up till now. From the disappearance of the half priced bentos, the people who were queueing at the cashier with a bento in hand respectively, the empty-handed people who were lying all around the area in fear, and the people with empty baskets who seemed to be shocked....

Something definitely just happened.

Something definitely happened at this place, and it only lasted for a few minutes.

At this moment, my stomach started to grumble, it seems like my appetite is running at the same pace as my brain. Well, I didn't eat anything since the two melon buns and the packet of soya juice since noon, and it has already been 8 hours since then.

The most important thing now is to fill up my empty stomach, even though I'm very curious as to what happened, no one can think on an empty stomach! Since I had bread for lunch, I should get some rice for the sake of variety... But the bentos have disappeared, so I have no choice but to take the half-priced onigiri....

...Just as I was thinking about it, the idling people around me started to take the onigiris on sale, there were even people who were taking the fine foods at the side. As I hurriedly took the last onigiri, I see that even the fine foods were swept clean.

This onigiri was veiled in a sexy costume, otherwise known as a transparent plastic wrap, it was almost as if it were a traditional beauty, clad in black underwear. There was a sour plum inside, protected by layers of pure white rice, the label, sporting the two big red words "Kishū", was constantly seducing me. The way it was intently written as "Kishū" instead on "Kii no Kuni", is so perverted... no, I mean terrible.[\[1\]](#)

I unconsciously swallowed hard, while reaching out to grab the onigiri.... Ehh? Why is there a warm sensation?

“...Ahh...”

What I felt wasn't the surface of the plastic wrap, but it was a slightly moist... palm?! I couldn't understand what was happening. I started to move my vision towards the palm which I was touching, and then moving up towards the wrist, shoulder, and finally, I found myself exchanging glances with a woman who was wearing glasses.

Her hair was tied in a small ponytail, her eyes wide open, with a blush flushing her cheeks. Rather than a 'woman', she may be better described as a 'girl'.

Judging by her school uniform, she was from the same school as me. I noticed that her ribbon was blue, which means that she was also a freshman like me. I'm not sure who picked her uniform for her, but the size was definitely too big. The shoulder width was too wide, and her sleeves were long enough to cover the entire hand I was holding.

The two of us were petrified. If this was some drama, this would be the time where the main protagonist would say, “At this moment, our story had just begun” or “The moment of destiny” or something of that sort.

This scenario would have been great if it took place in some romantic park, where the character was trying to pick up his or her handkerchief. However, my current location is at the bento section of a supermarket, the item that caused this 'touch of fate' was an onigiri worth ¥100, and there was even a half-price sticker on it.

What is up with this unneeded sense of reality ruining this romantic moment between two cheapskates?!

“...Err...Good evening...”

“G-Good evening...”

Although her voice was so soft that it could barely be heard, I felt that it wasn't the main problem, our entire conversation seemed to be problematic. Our hands were already tightly gripping each other's, so why is a simple greeting proving to be such a problem? How I hate how traditional Japanese-styled greetings can't be as casual as a simple English greeting like “Hello~”^[2], being able to communicate just via one word.

For the next few seconds, I started to think about whether I should start a political revolution, and push for English as our official language. Little did I know, I was clutching on to her hand tightly, not allowing her hand to escape my grip.

“S-Sorry!”

The sentence wasn’t said by me, but by the girl. By this point, I was already utterly confused. Maybe this short apology was her way of saying, “Give me the half-priced onigiri that you were planning on taking.” How sneaky, was she planning to take advantage of how she looks like a small animal to guilt trip me into letting her have things her way? How I hate how one simple phrase in Japanese can mean so many different meanings, I should start a political revolution ...(abbreviated...)[\[3\]](#)

Thus, I let go of my hand... or more correctly speaking, my hand loosened due to my current lack of strength.

She immediately took out a white floral-patterned handkerchief from her skirt pocket, and handed it to me. What did this action mean? How I hate how this white handkerchief...(abbreviated...)[\[3\]](#)

“That... hand...”

“Hmm?”

“Ahh...ermm...I may have dirtied your hand...”

Hearing her say that, I checked on the status of my hand, it seemed normal, without any stains of any sort. Just as I was prepared to answer, “It’s fine,” she immediately added on:

“This was washed using bleach...so...it should be very clean...”

She panically spread open the handkerchief, and started rubbing my hand with it, to the extent of almost wrapping my entire palm in it, while apologizing to me repeatedly.

I felt many menacing glares piercing me like daggers, what would other people think of this scene?

I was quite worried, so I hurriedly looked around to check my surroundings. All

whilst my hand was still being 'cleaned' by the girl, seemingly like a King having a feast while being served by his female servant.

In the end, I exchanged glances with a woman queuing at the cashier.



She was definitely more suited to be described as a woman, even though she wasn't as tall as my 173cm self, she was considered quite tall amongst girls. Her messy hair was purposefully kept to the sides with style, and she had long luscious eyelashes, giving off the impression that everything she sees will get sucked into her eyes. However, due to the effects of strong light, her pale white skin created a perfect contrast.

Her expression corresponds to her dark eyeshadow, giving off a mysterious aura. I was not sure whether it felt like she was the cold and cruel type of person, or if she had the air of a foreigner...but I'm definitely sure that I have not seen this type of woman in my entire middle school life...

Although she has an unapproachable air, she also has many attractive features worthy of glances. Just the plain sight of her black stockings and boots which contrasts her school uniform, gave me a strange unexplainable sense of pleasure and stimulation...

Beautiful, with slim limbs, alongside a nearly perfect three-size proportions... This should be an ideal-shaped woman, however the aura she was emitting was strangely contrastive to her outfit, but it somehow suited her quite nicely. Deducing from all these mutually contradictory observations, which may be the reason behind her high 'attractiveness' factor.

However, it cannot be denied that she is definitely a 'beauty', this is no doubt one of the simple yet important factors.

Wow, high school really is different. In what sense you ask? Of course it's the name, "middle school" and "high school", these two have a gigantic difference, with the latter being almost as if it was a minor miracle. From the colour of her ribbon, she should be an upperclassman one year older than me, and compared to the girl who was frantically scrubbing my hand, she was a lot more mature.

At the sight my senpai^[4], I started to understand something. The reason 90% of males in Japan choose to enroll in high school must be just solely to get a legitimate excuse to get closer to older girls.

It seems that it was almost her turn to pay at the cashier, as she turned her face back towards the front. At the last moment, I caught a glimpse of her cold expression fading, she might have even smiled at me. That suddenly made my

heart rate increase, although her expression was extremely mesmerizing, I can't help but turn my focus to the half priced bento in her basket.

That half priced bento was taken when "that incident" happened, right? At that time, I was knocked unconscious and flung towards a faraway area, just how did she manage to get the bento then?

Yet, the question was interrupted by a sudden pain on my right hand. That was because the girl was using the strength comparable to someone who was trying to avenge his father to wipe my hand, my palm was already completely swollen red, and I think that the handkerchief was starting to tear...

I open my mouth in an attempt to tell her something, but at that point, she suddenly regained her senses, and pulled her arm, along with her handkerchief back... Following that, we once again exchanged glances. Unfortunately, this wasn't like the start of a romantic and touching love story, as both parties didn't dare to say anything.

Well it couldn't be helped, as if it weren't for the only food left, the half-priced ¥100 onigiri, we wouldn't have even touched hands in the first place... In other words, both of them already knew each other's intentions...

At this point of time, it is often expected for the guy to be a gentleman and step back... Wait... What if that seems like I was mocking her poorness, wouldn't that be an even worse case? But on the other hand, if I snatch away the onigiri now, it may seem like I was bullying a girl, yet that was the only way for me to satisfy the entity in my stomach.

...No, I know I must be gentlemanly in this situation... but I still really want to eat that onigiri...

At this moment, her stomach let out a soft, but distinct, yet indescribable growl. Her face started to flush red, but it seems like she didn't have the intention to leave. I started to understand just how much she wants this half-priced ¥100 onigiri as well.

What should I do? Just as the both of us were having the same concerns, an on looking bastard started to take action, it seems that he was planning to snatch away that last half-priced ¥100 onigiri.

Humans are certainly amusing creatures, as I just noticed this, my hand had already reached for the onigiri. I wouldn't have minded if it was that girl, but I definitely won't allow anyone else gaining an advantage from this situation.

Thus, I grabbed the onigiri with lightning speed... along with the girl's small hand...

...Five minutes later, I split the disposable chopsticks as I slowly opened the lid for my "Sweet Beancurd Udon Instant Noodles", the fragrance of the snapper fish soup stimulated my taste buds, along with the white coloured water vapour rising... On the other side of the vapour, I saw the girl slowly unwrapping the onigiri.

After her introduction, I learned that her name was "Hana Oshiroi".

As for why I am sitting on the same bench as her in a random park in the middle of the night, it wasn't for "doing some dangerous stuff on the first night of spring" or any perverse stuff of that sort.

Simply speaking, we were having "dinner". In the end, we each bought a cup of instant noodles, and decided to split the onigiri in half.

"Err... Saitō-san..."

"Ahh... No, my surname is Satō... Satō Yō."

"Ehh?! Sorry!!! Even though I just asked... Then Satō-san... Do you want the seeds inside the onigiri?"

"No... Ah... Never mind..."

Oshiroi-san then gently started to tear the seaweed, and soon, the onigiri and even the plum inside, was split perfectly in half. Suddenly, she stopped her hand motion, and idly stared at the onigiri with a concerned look. She then turned over to look at me with a scary expression.

"T-That.... That Onigiri... I just touched it... I'm Sorry..."

After calming her down and chatting for a bit, I learnt that Oshiroi-san has a strange fear. She is always afraid that people will feel troubled by the things she touches. It's something like germaphobia, just that it was the exact opposite of it?

I received the onigiri and took a big bite, she looked as if she was relieved of a stressful burden and started to eat her own share of the onigiri.

After slowly chewing, the stimulating smell of seaweed, sweetness of the rice, and rapid spreading taste of familiarity from the plum, along with the thick pieces of meat from the instant noodles, the sweet and juicy beancurd and exquisite taste of the soup, all these flavours mixed in my mouth and made me forget my very surroundings, forcing me to put all my attention solely on enjoying the food. Although both of us were from the same school, due to that being our only shared feature, adding on to the fact that we didn't plan on having dinner together, there was no topic for us to chat about.

However, if we remained silent after finishing the food, it will just make the mood awkward, so I decided to ask about 'that certain incident'. She might at least have a clue about what happened, seeing as she didn't faint like me.

"Honestly, I wasn't quite sure what happened... How should I put this... When the bento was attached with a half-price sticker, almost 10 people started to gather at that area. Although I wanted to follow them, but there were too many people there, I was so scared that I froze on the spot....."

I also remember this part, was I included in the 10 people she said?

"In just a blink of an eye... there was only me left... The people at the bento section miraculously increased by two times, it's as if they all came out of nowhere..."

"Just when I had a lot of questions in my mind, someone from the crowd got tossed out, I think that was you, Satō-san, after that, you flew towards the meat section."

Yes, that was definitely me.

"I don't know what actually happened in the crowd, but all I know is that just in that few minutes, the bentos disappeared one by one along with the crowd..."

She started to apologize for her blurry memory, I glanced at her pitiful appearance, whilst gulping down the rest of my soup from the instant noodles.

After hearing her description, I found that it coincides with my memory from being knocked unconscious. Thus, the conclusion we have come to was, that we

had no idea what happened just now.

“In the end it’s still all a mystery...”

“Mystery... Feels like the future will develop into something full of ‘Manliness’ ... Hmm...”

She said that while playing around with the plum seed in her mouth. She then continued:

“Ah... What I meant was, if there was a super muscular famous detective and his sidekick, then they could use their muscles as a weapon to force out an answer to this mystery...”

I had no clue as to how a detective is linked with muscles, and she was also staring at the night sky idly, so I just followed suit.

Looking at the crescent moon, I started to think of the upperclassman at the cashier just now and her eyelashes, along with the bright colours of the half-price sticker on her bento.

Part II

I started living in Karasama high school’s private dormitory this autumn, breakfast was provided, but not lunch or dinner. When I moved into the dorm, I heard that the reason behind this was because this was the school’s way to “teach students to be independent”, but it was indeed quite harsh.

Conversely, students could freely use the kitchens available on each floor. To the students living there who couldn’t cook, forget about lunch, without dinner too, it was extremely brutal. Even if the rent for the dormitory could be considered to be fairly cheap, even if one cooked for oneself, or ate outside, it added up to be quite expensive.

Perhaps it was an agreement between the dormitory and the school, perhaps the secretly wanted the students who were living there to communicate and work together, however to a person like me who came here for a couple of days already, still did not have a friend to even eat at the same table with.

..... That being the case, let me do a small calculation for a bit.

The breakfast could be counted as being free, for lunch the canteen sells 100¥

sweet or salty bread. <ref note> for the sweet bread, it's this 甜面包 which directly translates to sweet bread, I could have mistranslated its name or something but I am 99% sure its sweet bread. As for the salty bread, it's 咸馅料面包 which directly translates to salty filling bread. I am just gonna leave it as salty bread. Because the salt is real. And I have no idea what on earth is a salty bread. Help with this would be nice <ref> and it was common for the three measly pieces to be split into two portions, furthermore, drinks were of course also required, so I do not select plastic bottles but 100¥ drink cartons,. Just for lunch alone, the amount of money spent on food was already 300¥.

Bread could still solve the lunch problem, however if even dinner consisted just of bread, there was still no room for optimism (gek, it's this 但如果连晚餐都吃面包不仅会心情郁卒 halp pls) , besides, considering it's nutritional value, the price of the breads would definitely raise by quite a lot. <ref its saying he needs to buy a lot of those cheapo breads to satisfy his nutritional needs, resulting in the amount spent on bread raising exponentially)

However, this is just the daily predictions. Because the dormitory doesn't provide meals on weekends and during holidays, in a nutshell, it meant that we had to take care of all our meals by ourselves. If during school days or holidays I sleep till the afternoon, the cost for breakfast would still be zero yen if calculated.....

Like always, the cost of one day's worth of meals would be *WARNING ALGEBRA INCOMIIINNNGGG* $(300 + x)¥$, because one month has 4 weeks, so the cost of meals for a whole month (Yea I know only one month has 28 days and the rest have more but let's just leave it at that for the sake of the story yea?) would be $(4 \times (300 + x))¥$, simplifying it would result in an answer of $(8400 + 28x)¥$.

The funds I get ever month amount to 30000 yen, therefore, by doing a bit of calculating, x can be found out, the largest amount of money I can spend on dinner is——

$$8400 + 28x = 30000$$

$$x = 771.42875$$

—— Even though the answer was like that, I can't just spend all that money on food. If I eat at the nearby ramen shop <小广(xiao guang(?))> , and select the

basic meal set <ramen (soy sauce, salty, miso taste)> which costs 600¥ per bowl and using it to calculate, regarding x, the largest amount of money available for me to spend..... the amount of money left for me to use would be a 120¥.

Now, have you folks realised it? What on earth can you do with 120¥? Even buying a 410¥ JUMP manga, would require me to save for four days. To a youth who is a high schooler, especially to a youth who only needs to be fascinated to fall into a trap only children fall into, to one of those high schoolers..... Who just stepped into the latter half of puberty, must endure the life of waiting for 4 days to save enough money to buy a JUMP manga.....

This is definitely equating <despair> and <120¥> together, then using these two words to write a thesis with the best evidence.

.....With things as they are, therefore, I went ahead and purposely wrote a <help me raise my living funds pleasee~~~” that kind of letter, afterwards I sent the letter to my dad yesterday, and I received his reply today.

The letter looked very thin, or he used an express delivery with a brown envelop to quick reply. Really it’s just like that dad of mine who is an active member of the JGSDF, who would quickly act upon the regulations he imposed.

Judging from the thickness of the envelope, I don’t think he sent money, however, from the speed of the letter dad bothered to send, I ended up looking forward to read the contents of the letter too. The start of the letter will definitely start with <Since you really can’t find a solution, I’ll increase your monthly living funds by 10,000¥>, afterwards he would worry about my health or occasionally want me to return home to see me again, otherwise it would be a question< an almost alone dorm life would be very lonely right?>, wait a moment, the letter will definitely have this appear, warm affection cannot be expressed with ink.

I can probably look forward to its content..... Wait, taking it to the next level, this kind of expectation could be said to be every child’s obligation. Thus, I was full of excitement, thinking of my parents as I opened the letter.

.....Just that, I do not know why, but inside the letter, there only a piece of foolscap paper, for a moment, I thought that there had been a mistake in the address and my letter was sent back to me, but my letter had indeed been sent

back home already.

Incidentally, I waved the paper under light for a bit, then it suddenly dawned on me. It seems that Dad had written a sentence on the back of the letter:

“Cicadas are also edible right?”

.....How baffling. This is more or less like opening a box of cantaloupes (rock melons to me and you), and finding cabbages instead.

I obviously wrote about raising my living funds, so why is it that the reply tells me to eat cicadas? Finally, why must it be in half interrogative manner? Also, did he not know that there were no cicadas in autumn? Is it always midsummer in that person’s head?

Therefore, I hurriedly called back home, the person who answered was my mum.

“Your father said that if we had to give money to a small ocean, then why not buy MSX II (This is in the raws btw) (Note 1. In the 80s, Bill gates and Kazuhiko Nishi, teamed up with the president of ASCII media works Inc. to promote Japan’s first 8bit personal computer, it had the capabilities of playing games, and it could be used at home for work purposes too.) (In case you are wondering there was that alliance back when Microsoft was some smallish company..... there’s this

<http://www.wsj.com/articles/SB1000142405274870380630457623272410324>

and with extremely valuable helps from my comrades here, I managed to somewhat translate it, thanks guys!) He’s officially lost it, I have completely no idea what he is thinking about!

If one wants to play MSX II, then the house’s SEGAMARK II (Note 2. 1984, July, SEGA’s newly released gaming console.) obviously still can be used, and there are official emulators too, there is no actual need to purposely use those old machines.....

“Uh..... Satou-Kun?”

.....Farewell, mum. I could only say it deep within my heart as I hung up.

I had not noticed it until now, but dad and mum have become quite obsessed.

.....After experiencing this situation, I concluded that in order to let myself enjoy high school life to the fullest, I must settle my dinner as cheaply as possible. Therefore, I was forced to once again return to that place.

1945 hours, in a room close to the supermarket, and away from the dormitory.

24 hours ago, I was here, and was kicked to the point where I lost consciousness. If there was no way to grab the half-priced bento, I would have to work, otherwise the anticipated monthly JUMPSQUARE and ULTRAJUMP, even the reader's reply (I haft no idea what it is, might be reader's digest. Here's the original 读者回函) might be in danger. Although supporting a liked work requires buying a separate edition, but buying magazines with the manga author's reply to support them was also a reader's duty, therefore it definitely cannot be affected.

However, everyday classes will only end at around 5pm, factorising in the time taken for revision and preparation, would definitely require me to use the weekends to do part time jobs..... Except that this point absolutely cannot be compromised, just like what Jesus said <People cannot just sustain themselves on bread alone>, life isn't just about eating food, must enjoy the weekends thoroughly, only then could it really be counted as a true high schooler's life.

It was at this time, I heard a soft trembling voice that felt like a gentle breeze.

Without a single reason, I just stood there, standing uprightly outside the supermarket's doorway, staring at the illuminated sign, while the person who had made those words towards me, was that Oshiori-san (Weeeeelll it sounds weird translating 白粉同学 as Ohshiori student, So I think san would be good here..... well if there are any suggestions please leave it in the comments~) from yesterday. Due to the fact that she was standing 20 meters away on the pavement besides the stores, it was no wonder that the sound I heard felt very distant.

Although I also gave a greeting in return, however, she spent a few seconds before running towards me with a <tap tap tap> sound, (I feel that this doesn't sound right, but since I can't think of any sound to sub in, I want to request for the readers suggestions~ thanks in advance ~~) at this point in time, a really amazing atmosphere was emanated from the two.

“I’m sorry.....I thought since I saw you far away, If I pretended to not have noticed you, and moved closer before waving hello, was somewhat disrespectful, that’s why.....I’m sorry.....”

“Uh, you don’t have to apologise for this kind of thing.....”

Even though last night we had shared dinner together, but for some reason, perhaps due to the rhythm of her words or that sense of distance, I still couldn’t grasp her way of speaking.

As I was thinking about what to reply, I suddenly realised one thing, Oshiori-san was wearing glasses (OOHHH MEGANE POWER!!!!)

“Do you have myopia?”

As soon as she heard what I said, she hurriedly said sorry, and swiftly took off her glasses.

“I only need to wear them when I am writing fan fiction. Usually I don’t wear them, however I can be considered a member of light research<Light Novel Research Society>, albeit reluctantly, that’s why I would occasionally write fan fiction. I would also wear them when I am studying.....Ah, I am sorry..... Letting you hear some meaningless things.....”

“So that’s why, so the word’s you said yesterday about dirtying my hand, was due to pen ink eh.....”

“Ah.....It is not related to ink.....I was talking about bacteria”

.....Bacteria..... Speaking of it, during elementary school, there was a person that was bullied due to bacteria..... feels like I haven’t heard this word in a long time already.

“Anyways, Satou-san has really come over too, is it because he smelt <man’s sweat> that kind of smell?”

Ok, I don’t know whether it is the rhythm of her words, or that sense of distance, I still cannot grasp.....Saying it finish is troublesome, so I’ll leave out the rest.

I used my finger and scratched my nose, suddenly, at that moment, a relaxing yet serious smell (I have no idea what this smells like) wafted into my nostrils,

there was a female, like leaves being blown about(I think it's supposed to be a descriptive phrase of sorts about her erm, elegance and erm gracefulness? I think), walked past my side, her prominent white face, the elongated eye shadow applied to her eyes, she was that girl that smiled at me yesterday.

“Hm..... That person looks a little like a witch.”

Like what Oshiori-san said, <witch> that word really resembled her to a shocking degree, although she and Oshiori-san wore the same uniform, but the feeling she emitted let one feel a shiver down their spine.

“The mystery of the half-prized bento, witch and the muscle headed detective..... I am starting to feel very excited! Oh!”

Oshiori-san stared at the back of the witch who was walking into the supermarket, while clenching her fist to her chest, it seems like the investigator in her heart has already..... Ah? Weren't we talking about detectives earlier?

“A..... Satou-San has forgotten about it already..... That's right..... I'm sorry, I said something weird again.....”

Although I didn't have any excited feelings, but I am a little curious, let's put aside about that muscle headed detective mentioned earlier, I remember that that witch did indeed managed to obtain a ben-to yesterday. In other words, that witch probably knows what happened yesterday, it might even be possible to get a more in-depth understanding of the situation.

“Well, let's go in then, who knows, we might even solve the mystery.”

Oshiori-san blinked her eyes, she lowered her head for a moment, when she raised her face, it was flushed red, even saying “Oh, Oh” that kind of answer that was unbecoming of her, looks like she had already become that muscle headed detective.

Thus, the two of them walked side by side into the supermarket, the cold biting air from the air conditioned fresh food corner wafted down the aisle. The speaker embedded in the ceiling was playing a relaxing tune, from the cash register, came sounds of change being dispensed..... (just think of that ka-ching sfx for that) it was the same exact situation as yesterday.

The witch stood at the snacks aisle that was near the cashier area, the chill I

had felt from her completely disappeared, it was too the point that her presence had become very thin.

At that moment, *pop, bang* that kind of sound could be heard from besides the aisle, the staff entrance besides the snacks aisle opened, and the supermarket's clerk appeared.

"She was just continuously watching, looking at FRISK <its in English in the raws> (Clause 3: selling mints in Japan.) where's the meaning in this?"

Hearing Oshiori-san's question, I couldn't help but feel like retorting 'Are you a grade schooler that's acting!?'.

She seemed to be very interested in my reaction, her eyes fliting over to steal a glance at me, how am I supposed to answer?

At the time I was glancing at her and thinking up of something to say, my ears heard a 'ka-cha' (I am really bad at sfxs. suggestions appreciated poi.) sound.

Followed by..... A kind of feeling that had also suddenly changed.....

I couldn't put my finger on what exactly had changed, moreover, Oshiori-san had also seemed to have felt something abnormal, and thus, like a small animal, was looking around. She seemed to be even more flustered than before.

To be more precise, the atmosphere around her completely changed, it was like the feeling of having your bare wrist touched, or it was like when you are in your room resting and you feel cockroaches crawling all over you.....Although it was a little hard to understand, it probably felt like your body was completely stiff.

Was the atmosphere the same like yesterday? My memory was somewhat foggy, perhaps I had felt something similar, and perhaps I was completely unaware of it. Or perhaps I had already had a premonition that 'something' was about to happen, and that's why I could discern the abnormal atmosphere that came along with it?

What on earth caused the atmosphere to change.....at least I think it had something to do with that 'ka-cha' sound just now. I saw the store clerk take a marker and cross out the price card and stick stickers onto the products on sale, I determined that it was the sound of the shop clerk that had taken out half price

stickers.

“Half price bentos..... Is, Is it that?”

Let's temporarily ignore Oshiori-san who was trying hard to solve the puzzle, although I had already found out that the atmosphere had changed, but to the me who had set the half-price bentos as a target, did not have the capacity for calm logical thinking, because I had seen the clerk prepare to return to the office.

“I'll go take a look.”

I left the pondering Oshiori-san alone, and headed for the bento section, over there, except for the clerk, were two other students dressed in similar freshman uniforms, they each reached out for the shelf containing the bentos with half priced stickers attached.

I was slightly slower and arrived half a beat later at the bento section.....It was at this moment, I heard the door close with a “pa dong” (yea yea I suck at SFXs) sound, then I smelt the aroma of blooming flowers, only to see the “witch” who was previously at the snack section, stand right beside me, moreover we were at such close proximity that we could smell each other's breath, I hadn't even heard footsteps or sense anything at all.

It was not only that, but the bento section in front that only had two people now had turned into a wall of people, I had completely no idea when so many people arrived.

Even though I was doubtful, my heart was still pouring out a wave of anxiety that was causing me to feel dizzy, therefore I didn't make any special choice, and raised my right hand towards the fried chicken bento box. However, my fingers hadn't even touched the bento box, when my right flank was shoved forcefully, this wasn't the feeling of being hit, but was like the feeling of getting hitting (like the movement of the train pushing you around and you accidentally hit someone) someone when on a crowded train and you won't feel any pain. I suddenly lost my balance, my centre of gravity was shifted from my right leg to the left, so I raised my right hand to maintain balance.

“The second time will be more painful ne~”

A female's voice filled my eardrums, like a cold icy stream, and yet it was also like shards of glass falling onto the ground, the "witch's" eyes quickly locked onto mine.

Then, my left foot which was supporting my weight received a painful impact, I didn't even have time to think about the situation, and my left leg was swept away from underneath me, and my body suddenly rose into the air.

A guy's hand stretched from over my right flank, aiming at the fried chicken bento I was about to take, the "witch's" pale left hand also simultaneously rose towards that right hand.

During the time I was in the air after losing my balance, both my eyes were glued to the bento with the half-priced sticker attached, the thought of who would get the bento first kept on racing through my mind.

However, the answer to that question came sooner than I expected, because my stomach was swept by a sense of shock, I saw the "witch" use her right hand in a spear like fashion, and her hand locked down the bento first, simultaneously, her left hand assaulted me.

After being pushed like so, I collided with the guy to my right and we were both sent flying out of the bento section, and even over the meat section, into the seafood section.

The both of us crashed onto the hard ground, the impact of me hitting the ground left my brain in a mess, so I couldn't utter out a cry as I rolled several times across the floor.

I didn't have a chance to catch my breath, luckily, the other guy that was thrown with me cushioned my fall, so I somehow managed to barely retain my consciousness, at this time, I desperately sucked air into my lungs.

".....*cough sfx*.....ah....."

I could only lie on the floor powerlessly, I struggled to focus on what was going on at the ben-to section, in the view that was contorted by the tears formed from the feeling of pain, I saw the same students from yesterday standing there, but the bentos, the witch or the wall of people that appeared from out of nowhere..... all disappeared into thin air.

“.....wha, what on earth just happened.....”

The word's I struggled to speak was heard by no one, the looping background music <fish heaven> (literally translates to this, may actually be a song name though (鱼儿天国)) slowly faded away into the air.

However, the man who was sent flying with me muttered a response softly:

“That person.....to go so far as to trash the me that is a dog..... skills could not even slightly scratch her..... that despicable witch.....”

After that, he gently coughed a few times, and then lost consciousness.

Ice witch. This name echoed in my brain, with chaos, pain and fear—- this problem.

To Be Updated...

Translators Notes & References

1. [↑](#) Kishuu (Kishuu Domain) is another way of saying Kii no Kuni (Kii District)
2. [↑](#) It's in English lol!
3. [↑](#) It's a joke on how he repeat what he says in the last paragraph
4. [↑](#) Use Senpai or Senior? Japanese mate always use senpai

Chapter 2 (Teaser)

Part II

I wake up in the morning to the sight of a cute girl in my room.

It feels like a dream, letting one feel the romance welling in one's heart. It is also the essence of every man's romance (or delusion) and the primary delusion of every man's heart. [\[5\]](#)

If it really is such a delusion, it usually goes like this: a princess from another world running away from trouble, who will, for some reason, appear in the guy's room. Then, due to certain circumstances, he will start protecting the princess, which will then lead to, through the power of love, friendship and courage, the defeat of an evil organisation (evil demon lord e.t.c) that is after the princess. Also, with the recent popularity of school-themed stories, we definitely cannot forget about the presence of such clichés-where they live a strange, tough and happy life, but the ordinary teenager, slowly becomes a majestic, legendary protagonist.

Speaking of protagonist, recently there has been a kind of fundraising TV programme that has been repeatedly been showing for 24 hours. At the end of the programme, they will always have a practice of showing the words "In fact, the real protagonist is you." I don't even understand why. These baffling words, every time my father watches the show on a whim, he will happily ask me: "Hey Hey, Yō, father is going to become a protagonist, what am I supposed to do?" Seriously speaking though, I will rather use the entire holidays to play the game <MEGADRIVE> "Michael Jackson Moonwalk" [\[6\]](#) It is fun to see Michael Jackson using fluent dance moves to fight evil. However, this child-kidnapping evil father of mine claiming that he is a protagonist of a show is really beyond any sort of reality. Even if the whole country's TV shows are all wiped out, it still cannot be said to be an exaggeration.

Anyways, let's return back to reality, I am currently facing the situation of "I wake up in the morning to find a cute girl in my room".

.... In other words, I should now begin practicing moonwalking while defeating

evil organisations.

Wait, this is one of the rooms of Karasama Private High School's male dormitory, outside my room are many boys brimming with male youth. It can be said to be the incarnation of the libido of high school boys.... In another sense, it's already like nearing the end of a game's maze. Because it's already too late to learn moonwalking, therefore, should I at least practice making the sound (PUO!)?

.....Regardless of these issues, that girl is not only my relative, I still do not know why she is lazily lying on the ground, reading a book.....

"You finally got out of bed eh? It's already 9!"

After she finish saying this, the girl holding onto a book— Shaga Ayame rises and stares at my face.

Firstly, let's not care whether she is cute or not, she has a head of messy golden hair and blue eyes accompanied by glasses while wearing worn jeans and a tight-fitting jacket. At least she isn't some princess wanted by an evil organisation.

".....What are you doing?"

Shaga's eyes shifted to the direction of a pile of books in a corner of the room.

"I am reading an "A" book."

I am shocked to the point of making a stunned face, because the place she is pointing to are undoubtedly where my cache of "books" [\[7\]](#) are placed.

To have a close relative of similar age to find the cache of "A" books one has hidden, what choices is humanity supposed to make!?

1. To flusteredly squeeze the books into some location that is hidden from view, and then burst into tears.
2. To purposely act cool and say "So what?", and then burst into tears.
3. To, on one hand, express your affection through "If only you are by my side, then I would not need these things" , and on the other hand, guide the conversation away from the original topic of the "A" books, and then burst into tears.

4. To utter “ah ba ba ba ba” which sounds like a broken recorder and roll on the floor naked, to make people think that you are some stupid, incorrigible, strange creature, and then burst into tears.
5. To immediately commit a serious crime, to let the “A” books situation fade into the background..... and then burst into tears while in prison.

..... The second choice should be the best option right.....?

“Ah! Even if you are living in a dormitory, in the end you are still living by me. I did not actually expect you to put your “A” books so obviously outside ah!”

After saying this, she stifles her laughter, and silently pats me on the shoulder.

.....Looks like I shouldn't pick the second option, I should definitely pick the fifth one.

“In the past you would only hide one or two books in hard to locate places right? At that the hiding places could be counted as more varied and diverse, you would even unexpectedly hide them under the floor in that kind of incredibly hard to search places right~~”

.....I really don't want to believe, that those are the hiding places that my wisdom have thought of, and yet this girl could dig them out several times, and say these kind of words.....

Usually there are more old-fashioned places to hide them such as under the bed or in the bookshelves, however, to be honest, this level of hiding places will definitely not work in my house, it's like a busty beautiful female teacher accidentally becoming the form teacher of an all-boys school. That kind of dangerous situation. Because my father and Shaga will take advantage of when I am not home, to conduct a “treasure hunt” and search the place upside down. Not only that, they would also place my “collections” that they found obviously on the living room table. This had a serious mental injury to my young mind, and would definitely make a person ashamed enough to contemplate suicide. Due to this, I will always seriously rack my brains to hide them in very hard to locate places..... but in the end, they were all found out.

“Your interests are really weird. Just like in this book, even the folds in the middle are sticking together already.”

Shaga completely disregarded me that was wallowing in mental pain, and took another book from the “A” bookshelf – –

“... ... That’s not right, that’s the book containing Yin Ling (I think it’s a name...), the queen’s photo album that my classmate by the name of Uchimoto gave me.....”

“Ok ok ok, there’s no need to find such an ugly excuse [luo\[8\]](#)~”

It really is not like that, that is the book that Uchimoto gave me as a present when he was visiting me in the hospital..... I wanted to return it to him but he declined (It seems that he has bought a new one), I also don’t have the courage to sell it, and throwing it away seemed like a waste..... It’s because of these reasons that I have this book in this place, it’s definitely not because I have an interest in these sorts of things.....

Shaga quickly flips through the pages with a “flit flit” sound, while occasionally stopping to read engrossedly at pages of interest.

“It’s already the modern age already, is there any need to be so shy? How long do you think we have known each other?”

That’s not right, in fact, it is wrong on so many levels. In the first place, that book is not even mine, and her words should have been be used in a “carelessly meeting naked in the bath”, or the “accidentally opening the door and entering her room while she is changing clothes” type of situations-the kind of fantasy that makes people happy but a bit red in the face, the embarrassing scenes..... However, no matter how wrongly used those words are, they wouldn’t be used in the finding of “A” books situation right..... And it definitely shouldn’t be words said by the criminal that violated my privacy.....

I was indeed Shaga’s relative, her father is my father’s younger brother, both our families are neighbours, no more than 200 m apart, and we were also born in the same hospital, on the same day, we were even placed in the same childcare room to sleep in, that’s why we have been playing like twins ever since we were bornEven if it was so, she still can’t barge into my room to find “A” books right!?

By the way, at my relative’s gathering during New Year, my father

unexpectedly shouted “Simply put, we have had sex on the same day right! It’s no surprise that we have the same blood flowing with the veins of us brothers!”- this kind of politically incorrect words, caused our family to be ignored at the family gathering, that’s why we definitely cannot forget about the existence of that kind of story extension.

“.....Why the heck did you come here for..... Hurry up and go away.....”

Shaga raises her head and stares at the ceiling, scratching her head thoughtfully. A habit when she is thinking.

Whenever she does something like this, it means that she is thinking of something unspeakable.....it also makes me have a sort of bad feeling about this.

“ng.....Forget about it, let’s play a game! You did bring along <SATURN> from your home right? Let’s play <Cuardians>! [\[9\]](#) this isn’t me misspelling! It’s in the original text!

<Curdians> is <CuardianHeroes>’s abbreviation, inside the game, one can utilise opposing characters to commence a 6 player battle, it’s not just some attractive side-scrolling action game, it’s also an immortal classic.

I reluctantly set up the <SATURN>, and like that, the two of us starts playing the game. Actually I still have not yet understand the situation, why do I have to play video games on this Saturday morning, with this looter of “A” books, sportswear instead of sleepwear wearing cousin? Although in the states, back when I was still living at home, this sort of thing happened all the time, but I did not think that even after I was living in a high school dormitory I would still encounter this kind of situation.

.....Returning to the topic at hand, why did this person break into the male dorms by herself?

After the two of us spending some time clearing the campaign, I put down my hands to take a break.

“.....So? Why did you come here?”

“ng..... wait a while”

After saying so, Shaga, who is sitting next to me, takes off her glasses, coughs a

few times, gives off an “ahhh~~ ahhh~~” sound as if doing vocal exercise, then she waves for me to move my face closer to her. Finally she moves her face to my ear.

Shaga’s soft lips gently touched my ear, using a soft, water-like flowing voice and says:

“I say when has our relationship deteriorated to the point that we can’t visit without a reason.....?”

Her trembling voice sounds like as she was crying and trying to fight back emotions, people listening will feel as if they were listening to the cries of a rain soaked puppy..... However.....

“Then don’t let people see you deliberately preparing to make these sounds ba?”

She laughingly says, “you are right~~!”

“Very good, Sato my little brother. In order to express my apologies, I give you permission to buy <Opoona>”

<Opoona> is the first ever WII hosted RPG, a fascinating game with many cute characters, hurry to the stores and buy it now!

“That’s not right, most importantly what did you come here for?”

“..... I said.....when has our relationship changed to the point that.....”

“Stop using the same old phrase, at least change the words before saying it.”

“That’s right too~ then you can go buy a million <Opoona> luu.”

“Therefore, what on earth did you come here for?”

“.....I say..... when has our relationship changed to the point that.....”

“No, I told you.....”

“How many more times do you want to keep playing?”

“I don’t want to play anymore.”

“I am bored.”

“Then give me something to talk about.”

“Alright, I’ll try my best then.”

Shaga said while she wears her spectacles and laughs.”

How very baffling, moreover, I keep feeling that the conversation at the back had already become very strange. This strange and tough dialogue makes me feel like I had a direct connection to my ancestor’s lineage. Maybe it can be said that she is actually my father’s daughter, and that I am actually the flesh and blood of my uncle.

After all, Shaga’s father holds a doctorate, he is currently in the medical equipment research field. Moreover, while he was teaching as a special lecturer for his alma mater, university high school and he even married an Italian exchange student. Simply criminal.....No, he’s a super upright and decent person.

Therefore, so long as I am determined, I’ll definitely enter a super good youth idol firm. I remember the summer of when I was in primary 4 <*(Year 4 middle school)*?>. I put <simple unexpected booby traps> as my summer homework topic, I even tested dozens of traps on Ishioka, leaving colourful and detailed reports behind. I always feel that I can conduct a world famous research. With this thirst for knowledge, I am fit to be my uncle’s own flesh and blood.

Especially the traps that I set at the Ishioka’s family doorstep and due to Ishioka’s instant photography that was hung up a couple of meters too high being too perfect. Therefore, even after 6 years, you can still see the film on an animation website, just enter the keywords “open the door for one second and fall into a trap” or “I am going out.. aaaaaahhhhhhhh!” and you’ll find it.

.....Actually these are fake videos I produced together with Ishioka, I do not know why Ishioka’s name as the producer was deleted, resulting in him getting a lower grading for his summer assignment, but these things are not important. When ishioaka found out, he angrily rushed over and argued with me, although I remember promising, “After this I will explain to the teacher about the situation, and ask the teacher to not lower your score”. However at that time I was busy cultivating DC’s “mermaid”, thus even until now, I have not yet explained the situation to the teacher, and the truth about this matter is no longer so important anymore.

In other words, I may be the real son of my gifted and smart uncle.

And Shaga completely ignored me who was fantasising about “whether or not there was a dispute when we were born”, and just cared about fiddling with the game’s CD Case.

“Hey ~Sato, where’s the death gun? Are there any ray guns left?”^[10]

“I didn’t bring it, because my father wanted to keep that part of the game with him.”

Death gun^[11] refers to <Deadly fire gun> this legendary light gun shooting game, because of its difficulty, people find it hard to get away from its charm, allowing this game to go down in history as a masterpiece.

Shaga was the only one in our family who knew how to use the light gun, Moreover she can totally not get sent back to the start screen or be forced to restart on CAMEOVER. <ref> it’s in the translated Chinese parts so don’t ask me why it’s CAMEOVER<ref>

“So boreeeedd~~”

“Give me a topic for discussion then.”

“Alright, I’ll try to have a chat.....Oh, it’s <Armed Racing> yeah, do you want to play?”

<Armed Racing> is an armed racing type action game that can be played by up to 6 people. If there are a lot of friends that come to play, it is able to give a full day of fun.

Shaga puts the game disc into the player and expertly selects battle mode.

“So..... Selecting the car is..... Since it’s such a rare chance, I will pick the red car!”

“..... ok, ok.”

“What? You’ve got to do it seriously~~”

Shaga says while she hit the top of my head with her elbow. A month ago, this was commonplace, but after I enjoying a free person’s life.....I feel that doing this is quite tiring.

On a side note, what Shaga said just now, “I will pick the red car.....” that sentence, is actually <death firelock>’s selecting protagonist animation “that door is totally not red” lines.

By the time I came to, the sun is just about to set.

The two of us have spent the whole day playing games, we haven’t eaten from the time we woke up and continuously played games, in “No rules but should still have a difficulty” the level is really miserable, and I did indeed spend the whole day.

“Next.....Let’s finish playing <VR FIGHTER SPARTACUS> first then I am going home”

She said that while she put the CD into the player, then selected battle mode in the menu screen.

..... What on earth did this person come here for.....?

“I keep thinking that I have forgotten something.....Forget it, it shouldn’t make a difference anyways.”

Shaga keeps her cross-legged position. She gave a “Nnnggghhhh~~” as she raise her hands in the air while stretching her back, making pi li pi li sounds.

I hadn’t realised, about two hours ago, Shaga had taken off her outer coat, and was just wearing a shirt while playing games..... until now, finally realising it.

This person.....looks like she has grown bigger<I think we all know what he’s thinking>wait, just calm down, when was the last time I saw it? No No, this is not a voyeuristic angle, but justvan angle from outside the clothes..... That’s so wrong, who am I trying to justify this?

Ngh.....I have not seen her since last winter.....No NO..... This is not some voyeuristic angle..... continuing.

In short, within this year, even people like me can see straight away from the outside of the clothes that this person’s growth rate has been astounding..... Really suited for using the words “Breasts” to describe these things.

Such a hasty conclusion still seems too early, recently there have been a lot of items disguised as such commodities, so I must first confirm whether it is fake or

not..... to confirm whether or not the “breast” word can be used to describe this thing!

“That’s right! I just thought of something important..... oi.”

Although I realise the seriousness of the situation and am starting to regret my actions, but it is too late, because she found out that I have been consciously staring at her breasts.

I can feel sweat trickling down my body, whether it is cold sweat or just normal sweat droplets, I do not know, like this, my face is riveted on the face of Shaga..... My chest is emitting a strong felling of regret.

She puts on a very scary smile, it’s roughly the same smile as those tax grabbing politicians, when they have claimed the absolute advantage, or grasped their opponents’ weakness^[12].....In short, her current expression is like the menacing smile a detective makes when interrogating prisoners.

Like this, with that smile on her face, Shaga moves her body closer, takes my hand and directly presses it against..... It’s, it’s that thing that is suited to be called by “breasts” that word!

“Actually I wanted to trouble you with something.....Can you help me to think of a solution.....”

She used her charm again.....Simply said, she used that sensual? voice of hers to say that sentence.

“..... I, I don’t want that.....”

When Shaga has this kind of expression, it means that her request is not going to be something good. I know because I have experienced that many times already.

She persistently put her lips to my ear and whispers femininely. In fact that request of hers was baffling.

“Why do I have to do this.....furthermore it’s impossible for me to do.....”

“Could you help me think of a way.....? Or do you really have absolutely no clue?”

She uses her feminine voice to make that request again. No matter how I think

about it, her request is impossible to fulfil, furthermore, to take her thing.....ah, someone will have that kind of thing.

“You see, there really is something.....Is it good.....?”

“I can’t say its bad.....Wait a minute, I didn’t say anything just now?”

“How long do you think we have known each other? Just looking at your expression tells me what you are thinking about..... Pllleassee, you should help me to find a solution.”

“What if I said No.”

“Ngh, How about we make a bet?”

NO! As long as the topic is about bets, the result will be disastrous! This kind of development is way too dangerous! It’s is dangerous to the max!

I casually think of distancing myself from Shaga. However, because I was sitting on the floor, I can only use my hands to prop my body up and Shaga has wrapped her wrists around my neck, using her entire body weight to push me down. Her lips are pressing against my ear, refusing to leave.

“Let’s have a showdown and play to decide this bet, as long as I win, You’ll have to accept this request, If you win..... weeee!!!! I’ll let you touch till you are happy!”

“.....I, I decline.....”

“You are really greedy eh.....Then again, we ARE at the highschool age, and it is different from being children.....All right then, I’ll let you touch it directly, not only that, inserting your hand inside my bra is also alright, that should satisfy you right?”

By this point, I am starting to wonder if this girl has a screw loose, however, Shaga licked my ears, as if she is exploiting a weakness and pursuing it relentlessly, surprising me to the point of retreating from her, However.....

“You are on!”

The Shaga who immediately returns to her original seating posture, after helping me to select my character, started this unexpected betting game, and I also think that the SS reading of speed is such a hateful thing.

..... Ah, since the time for reading is long enough, what can I do about it.....?

Translators Notes & References

1. [↑](#) TL note, it refers to that situation being the “number one delusion” of every man
2. [↑](#) I have no idea what game is this.
3. [↑](#) I guess we all know what these books are. Smirk Smirk (◡‿◡)
4. [↑](#) This is just slang. So I'll leave it as it is.
5. [↑](#) This isn't me misspelling! It's in the original text!
6. [↑](#) I can't really translate this part. 「喂～佐藤，死枪大人呢？还有光线枪呢？」Translated literally, It means, Hey~ Sato, where's the death gun adult? Are there any ray guns left?” A TL check of this would be appreciated thanks. Or a source check too....
7. [↑](#) Again the same phrase “死枪大人” translating it to death gun for now.
8. [↑](#) Ok I just bullshitted this, TL halp onigai, 她露出非常邪恶的笑容，大概就跟随便拿税金造桥铺路的政客差不多，不知该谗楚表现出自己的绝对优势，还是掌握到对方的弱点似地